The Pipe and Jug.

A SEQUEL TO

The BROWN JUG.

Same Tune.

MY true hearty fellows, who ſmoke with ſuch glee,
To beg your attention for once I'll make free,
And ſing of our pipes, while thus merry and ſnug,
We lighten our cares, as we lighten our jug;
This Jug, which from Toby its origin boaſts—
Old Toby! whoſe mem'ry enlivens our toaſts.

Toby's fame, like his ſize, ſpreads ſo great by his ale,
That for Agnes, no room could be found in the tale;
Honeſt Agnes, the ſocial ſupport of his life,
Both for quaffing, and ſize, was well pair'd as his wife!
Therefore, ſinging her praiſe, we with joy will regale,
Whilſt our Pipes and our Jug give a zeſt to our ale.

The Potter, who ſhrewdly found Toby's remains,
Thought to viſit again there might anſwer his pains,
Where, in brief, he found Agnes, whoſe ſize (as her life,)
Made her qualify'd duly to lie as his wife;
Her fair fame, all the village inceſſantly quote;
Whoſe Vicar the following Epitaph wrote.

"Agnes Philpot, the wife of old Toby renown'd,
"Who liv'd whilſt on earth, now lies dead in this ground;
"Old Care of her grieving for Toby, to bilk,
"She ſoften'd her trouble with brandy and milk;
"Swoln with ſilky ſhe thriv'd, 'till her ſkin gave a crack,
"When Death poping in, laid her here on her back."

At theſe lines our ſhrew'd potter, a happy thought ſtarted,
That Toby and Agneſs ſhou'd never be parted;
So he took of her clay, which was white as her milk,
And temper'd with brandy, 'till ſofter than ſilk;
Then forming theſe Pipes, he advis'd, ſly and ſnug,
That we kiſs her fair CLAY, and ſhake hands with his JUG.